Neuhutten Wanderings

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Alexander T. Englert is a junior currently studying abroad at Heidelberg University in Heidelberg, Germany. Born and raised in Colorado, he loves traveling but still misses the west.
Neuhütten Wanderings

Neuhütten is a small German village in northern Bavaria, which is nestled deep in the Spessart Forest. First mention of it in written history dates back to 1349 as being the location of four glass-blowing huts. On April 1, 1945, it was bombed by Allied warplanes. The destroyed portions were rebuilt. Small history and small population. A village in the truest sense of the word.

Walking through Neuhütten in the morning was a settling and, at the same time, impactful experience. The morning fog was thick and as I walked the sun was sweeping it up like years of dust. At one point a hillside was revealed. Green, unmowed grass, yet flush and not dominated by weeds. Sheep in a paddock nearby chatted with each other.

On a bench, I sat to write some thoughts. A tree was overhead. Dew on the leaves clicked as it fell onto other leaves, desiccated from autumn. Drops would land in my hair, on my notebook, and on my hands.

Walking again, I heard heavy hoof-falls. Out of the mist a horse came galloping over to me. It stood feet away from me, separated by three lines of barbed wire. It stared at me, as if waiting for me to initiate conversation. Its breathing was heavy and I said, “Du bist schön.” It gave a high-pitched cry and went galloping away, disappearing into the mist.

Later I saw the horse’s fenced pen free of fog and noticed how small it was. In the mist, maybe the horse forgot about its captivity; forgot it was trapped and was excited by the encounter with another breather. Strange sweet-talk and the presence of the fence disgusted it, leading it on in its desperate search for freedom.

Maybe we all are in the same situation as the horse: trapped, surrounded by fog...